

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

At \$2.00 per annum, in advance—
Or \$2.50, if not paid within the year.

ROBERT C. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."—Washington.

VOL. L.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JULY 8, 1850.

NO. 34.

Choice Poetry.

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE."

The mountrains on the billowy deep,
The blue waves rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The clouds that mantle the evening sky,
The low that on our bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The stars at midnight's calm repose;
These praise the Father that arches the sky,
And robes the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthem of the sea,
The wail that tames a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pensive sigh,
The thunder with its thrilling notes,
The peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats
Or sinks in dying cadence there;
These all to Thee thy voice raise,
A fervent voice of glowing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows fall away;
The sun upon the cheek of dawn,
The dew-drop glistening on the spray—
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
From living prisms and from flowers,
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father, Thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea,
Thou hast set it at the summer's hour,
Its hues of beauty speak of Thee.
Thy works all praise Thee:—Thou art sweet,
Thee with thy silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father, Thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea,
Thou hast set it at the summer's hour,
Its hues of beauty speak of Thee.
Thy works all praise Thee:—Thou art sweet,
Thee with thy silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"The smallest plant is nearest the sun. Ye stand nearest to God, ye little ones!"

Nearest to God in childhood! It is true.
For then the heart wears not the deepened stain
That after years has on its brow been laid,
Has not yet sought, in the blue sky, again,
Its fair home—hope's sunshine is unclouded,
Joy's opening blossoms have not drooped or faded;
Life's verdant paths have not been sadly trod
By weary feet—the heart is near to God.

Yes, ye are near to God, ye little ones!
Nearer than those whose bright eyes have grown dim
With bitter tears—to whose sad heart there comes
No day unmarked by suffering and pain.
Ye have the windows of the soul unclouded,
Angels that remind it of its home above.
Ye whisper to us of a sky unclouded,
Of joy, of grief, of dark and gloomy hours,
Of paths by mortal footsteps never trod;
Blessings upon you—ye are near to God.

Editorials.

Doing Good.

Every man has a mission to fulfill, an influence to be felt, either for good or for evil; and none are so lost, so degraded, but that some spark of moral fire is burning within their bosom—and that little spark, though faint and feeble, may kindle a bright and glowing flame. Say not it is too insignificant, too trifling to accomplish any useful end. Whatever is good, is worthy of preservation, is worthy of cultivation. The little germ of Truth you throw by the wayside, will not be lost—it shall not perish; no! it will be guarded and nurtured by angels, and shall flourish forever!

We should not fail, then, to speak one kind word at least to cheer the wounded spirit. Think not, when some wanderer crosses your way, that a word of warning will be of no avail; though the erring one may scorn your counsel, that friendly word will come to him again, and lead the spirit that hath gone astray back to the path of virtue. Words of counsel, spoken in love, will never be forgotten; faithful memory will treasure them up, and the fitting time will come for them to do their good work.

Think not, then, a look of kindness, an act of love, however trifling may seem the word of friendly admonition, think them not thrown away, whenever the opportunity to speak, to act, is seen; then do your duty, your good deed will be recorded in heaven—and you will find even here on earth, a full and satisfactory reward!

Discontent.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and all the enjoyments of life; it arises not from the condition but the mind. Paul was discontented in prison—Abah was discontented in a palace; he had all the delights of Canaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasures of a court, the honors and powers of a throne; yet all this avails him nothing without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desire exposes men to continual vexations, and being disposed to fret, they will always find something to fret about.—*Matthew Henry.*

Mahomet's Preachings.

His definition of charity embraced the whole circle of kindness. "Every good act," he would say, "is charity." Your smiling in your brother's face, is charity; an exhortation to your fellow man to virtuous deeds, is equal to almsgiving; your getting a wanderer in the right road, is charity; your assisting the blind, is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions, is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him in the grave will say, "What good deeds hast thou done before thee?"—*Washington Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

One kind act does more towards softening man's stubborn nature, than all the scolding and harsh language ever used.

The Secret of Female Influence.

The power of the women, in bending the stronger sex to their will, no doubt greatly augments when they have youth and beauty on their side; but even with the loss of these, it is not altogether extinguished; nor does it altogether consist in words and actions—it often effects its purposes by means. But these means must constantly have for their basis softness and good nature; they must ever be such as to throw a veil over the pride of our supposed superiority, and make us believe that we are exerting that sovereign power which we consider as our right, when in reality we are obeying it. The least appearance of the contrary alarms our pride; and she who discovers to us her intention to govern by her power, or by her haughty temper, produces an effect which the other sex are not sufficiently aware of; she raises a disgust which all our efforts cannot conquer. In short, such conduct in a woman is the same thing as it would be in a lion to fight with his hinder legs, or for a hare to face about and defy the teeth of the pursuing pack; it is neglecting to make use of what nature has furnished, and endeavoring to use what she thought proper to deny.

We could point out, were it necessary, a great variety of instances where women have governed men by influence of good nature and insinuating manners; but we defy history to furnish one single instance of this ascendancy having ever been obtained over a man by braving ill-humor and a visible contest for superiority. No man of feeling is proof against the softer arts of a sensible woman. Such arts are armed with an irresistible power. Almost every man is proof against her open attacks; they are the attacks of a bee without a sting.

Retribution.

He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will pursue him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose, with some idea of future personal pleasure; and as surely as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a blood hound, and tracks him to his fate.

Efficacy of a Tear.

In Miss Bremer's *Life in Dalecarlia*, we find the following touching illustration of the power of a tear:

In the dreadful year of famine here, in 1838, there came to me one day a Dalman from an other parish and said to me—
"Sell me a few tons of straw."
The man was one of those great stalwart figures, which you can seldom see, except here, yet he had evidently suffered from want of food. He had drawn his hat with its broad brim deep over his face.
"I cannot sell the straw," said I, at his entreaty, "I have not more than I shall need for myself, and the poor of my own parish."
"Sell but one ton," implored he.
"Not even that can I," I replied; "what which I have left I must carefully preserve for myself and my people."
"Half a ton then," persisted the Dalman, "prossibly."
"It grieves me," I said, "but not a single half ton can I spare thee."
The huge fellow took a step nearer to me, said not a word, but lifted his hat above his brow, and gazed fixedly upon me; to let me see that he wept.
The sight of this anguish I could not sustain. "Come with me," said I, "thou shalt have what thou wilt."
He followed me and got the straw that he wanted.

Teeth set on Edge.

All acid foods, drinks, medicines, and tooth washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in vinegar, lemon juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger nail as easily as if it were chalk. Most have experienced what is called having the teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the exceeding small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard by being put in water. When the effect of sour fruit upon the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever; but they are not as well. And the danger it is repeated, the sooner will the disastrous consequences be manifested.—*Family Visitor.*

The Thoughtful Barber.—There are those who think themselves men, and who go to barbers' shops to be shaved. We heard of a juvenile who went to be shaved, and the barber having adjusted the cloth, and scraped his smooth skin, left him, and went hanging about the door. As soon as the young "gent" saw him snatching, he impatiently called out:
"Well, what are you leaving me all this time here for?"
"I'm waiting until your beard grows!" replied the witty barber.

To convert a calm into a breeze—
Tell a woman that her baby is a "little fright."

LYDIAH DARRAH.

During the revolution when the British army were in possession of Philadelphia, its Adjutant General made his quarters in the chamber of the house of Lydiah Darrah, a Quaker lady, and at this chamber the private conferences of the British officers were held. On the 23d of December, that officer informed Lydiah that he should have company that night; told her that all her family must retire at an early hour, and the candle be extinguished; that when the company desired to leave he would call her to let them out. She accordingly got her family in bed, let in a number of officers, retired to her room and extinguished the light, put off her shoes, ascended the stairs, and had recourse to the key-hole of the chamber of conference to satisfy the woman curiosity, which the orders with so much circumspection had awakened.

She there heard read a secret order of Lord Howe, that all the troops should march out of the city on the night of the 4th, to surprise Gen. Washington, at his encampment at White Marsh. She betook herself to her room in a state of deep agitation. When the meeting broke up she allowed the officer to knock several times at her door to arouse her. She rose and let out her company. Such was her apprehension and alarm, that she could neither sleep nor eat. She was in possession of a secret which might save the lives of thousands of her countrymen, and which she dared not reveal to her most trusted confidant.

Time was short—the American camp was twelve miles distant—she was a woman of delicate and feeble frame, trembling and agitated under the pressure of such circumstances, but they made her a heroine, and moved her to the high resolve that the important secret should reach Gen. Washington and that she would convey it. With that contrivance, as ready in woman as curiosity, she made her way to Lord Howe's estate to him that her family were of flour, and obtained a pass through the lines to Frankford, where there was a mill. For the purpose of obtaining a supply for the use of Mrs. Darrah—thus run the tale. She passed the sentinels—left her bag at the mill—struck into the fields, and through the most secluded places, in the direction of White Marsh.

Her errand gave speed to her willing feet, and, regardless of obstacles, she had accomplished about five miles of the distance, when she came suddenly upon a small reconnoitering party of American Light Horse, commanded by Lieut. Col. Craig. She knew the officer, and he riding up, inquired where she was going? She replied, to see her son in the American army. Urging him to send his men out of hearing and to dismount and walk with her; struck by her singular appearance and excited manner, he ordered his troops to fall back—alighted from his horse, and walked with her into the field. There, under a promise never to betray her, as it was a matter of life and death with her, she disclosed to him the momentous secret. The solemn purpose which had given the frail woman energy in so unwonted an exertion, was accomplished, and she sunk fainting and exhausted at his side. Col. Craig conveyed her to a dwelling near by—procured necessary attention and means of conveyance towards the mill at Frankford, and then hastened with all speed to headquarters, and Gen. Washington made instant and official preparations to meet the intended surprise. Lydiah reached the mill and her own house with her sack of flour.

On the night of the 4th, she heard the troops march silently out of the city on the projected enterprise. Two days afterwards she saw them return. She dared ask no question though very desirous to learn the result. On the same evening the Adjutant General requested her to follow him to his room. She complied: he turned the key and desired her to be seated in a manner to excite her apprehensions that she had been betrayed. He inquired, "Were any of your family up on the night of the meeting at my room?" "The whole family were in their rooms at 8 o'clock," she replied. "I know you were asleep," he said with quickness, and to her great relief, "for I had hard work to rouse you, to let the gentlemen out of the house; and how Washington received information, unless the tinkler of the wall carried it. I cannot imagine—but," continued he, striding across the apartment as he spoke, "one found common placed and his troops ready to receive us, and as we marched back again like a parcel of fools."

Our Country.

Living thus speaks of our country—truthfully and heartily.
"On our country more than our own have the charms of nature been lavished; her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver—her mountains with their bright aerial tints—her valleys teeming with fertility—her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitude—her boundless plains waving with spontaneous verdure—her broad deep rivers rolling in solemn silence to the ocean—her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all her magnificence—her skies kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime, beautiful and natural scenery."

Woman has more strength in her looks than man has in his laws, and more power in her tears than we have in any of our arguments.
Never fret over the errors of the past; but regard them as the drops of life, and moans to the future.

EATING ICE CREAM RAW.

BY JONAS JONES.

On a very warm and sultry evening during the summer of '48, as Dr. B. and myself were seated in a fashionable saloon in our town, indulging in the cool luxuries which the proprietors of the establishment know so well how to prepare, and chatting the while upon such subjects as fancy and caprice suggested, a tall, slender-looking fellow of about twenty-three, made his appearance, and after looking about him for some time in bewilderment and doubt, seated himself at a table close by the one at which we were seated. The young man was evidently a stranger, and from the country; and the illuminated sign, with "Ice Cream, Confectionaries," &c. &c., blazed thereon, had evidently taken him in. Knowing the Doctor would have a great propensity for practical joking, I turned to see what effect this arrival would have upon him, and one glance at his restless, twinkling eye, satisfied me that there would be sport.

After sitting some time as if uncertain how to proceed, the young man plucked up sufficient courage to address us, inquired whether he could "get some ice cream and a couple of confectionaries;" stating that he had "never been in the cannal before, and didn't know how people acted at such places." He was informed by the Doctor, that if he would ring the small bell which stood upon the table, his wishes would be gratified. "The green end as he was directed, and in due time was served with the "ice cream and confectionaries." After eyeing for a few minutes the articles before him, he took the spoon from the glass, took a small quantity of the cream, and put it to the tip of his tongue, and then looked about the room with an air of satisfaction and delight. "Soon, however, another idea seemed to strike him; he rammed the spoon deep into the glass, and took it out heaped full, and in a moment its contents had disappeared.

At this instant I felt a twitch at my side—the next the Doctor was on his feet—had clutched my arm convulsively, and with one hand pointing towards the victim, almost screamed:

"Shocking! that man is eating his ice cream raw!"

Down went the ice cream, spoon, confectionaries and table, upon the floor, outleaped the victim at least ten feet towards the middle of the room, gasping for breath—eyes protruding from their sockets—and countenance exhibiting marks of the greatest terror and helplessness. In a moment the Doctor was by his side—felt his pulse—unbuttoned his coat, waistcoat and shirt-collar, as if to admit fresh air, then gently pushing him into a chair, commenced fanning him with the skirt of his coat. It was then that the victim's tongue first became loose, and with an imploring look he half-whispered, half-screamed—

"Oh, I'm alive!"

Upon this the Doctor looked mysterious, felt his pulse again, examined his tongue, and then in a solemn voice replied—

"It may be, young man, that by implicitly following my directions, you can yet escape the consequences of your rashness and folly. I would advise you to—"

"Anything—I'll do anything you tell me, so I kin get over this spell, and find my way home again."

"Well, then, sir, take off your coat," said the young man did so. "Tie a handkerchief about you." He was obeyed. "And now, sir, go to the door, run three times around this square with all the might that is in you, and then come back to me and I will tell you what further to do."

The young man vanished, and we resumed our seats; in a few minutes, however, he returned, puffing and blowing, and apparently in better spirits.

"Now," said the Doctor, "do you put on your coat, button it up close to your chin, go to your lodging place, and turn into bed immediately; and let me advise you, young man, that hereafter, before you undertake to eat ice cream, see that it is properly prepared; and let me particularly charge you, (and here he assumed a very serious air, never again he assumed a very serious air, never again he assumed a very serious air.)

The young man stammered forth his thanks and then left—we followed soon after.—*Yonkers Blade.*

High Lodgings.—A downy-story lately went to New York, and took lodgings for the night at one of what might be called the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the bath, both of them proceeded on their "wandering way" upwards, till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus:

"Look here, stranger! if you intend to call me at 6 o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time afore I can get down a again!"

Long Speeches.—The Presbyterian, in speaking of the imprudence of long speeches at the anniversary, tells the following anecdote:

At a religious anniversary in England, a few years ago, a very excellent and energetic man was called on to close the meeting with prayer, and as the exercises had been protracted to an unusually late hour, and many of the audience had already left the house from excessive fatigue, he was requested to offer a short prayer, which he did in the words following:

"Oh Lord, forgive the tediousness of the speakers, and the weariness of the hearers—Amen."

Bob Waddam's Horse Trade.

"You know Bob Waddam, I reckon," said Uncle Mike.

"Not that I recollect," I replied.

"Well, Bob was an amazing hand at trading horses, and generally come out ahead too. I never knew him really girdled and the underbrush cut but once."

"How was that, Uncle Mike?"

"Why, you see Bob had just been getting a grey horse in some of his deals, that was just about as nice a horse to look at as ever put his nose through the rack sticks. He was a human looking horse and nothin' shorter. He was always looking for stars, and carried his tail like the National flag on the 4th of July. But he wouldn't work—he was above it. He'd almost stop when he'd see his shadow followin' him for fear he might be drawin' it. Now then, says Bob, some individual is bound to be picked up. So, makin' an excuse that Grey's shoes wanted fixin', he sent him to the blacksmith's, and harnessed up his other horses, hitched on to a load of stone, and drove to Sam Hewitt's tavern. Here he stopped before the door, unharnessed his near side horse, and bringin' Grey over from the shop, harnessed him up in his place."

Bob went in and took a drink, and waited around until some man should come along who wanted to speculate. He hadn't been waitin' long when he seen some feller comin' up the road like all possessed, his horses under a full run, while he was sawin' the bit and hollerin' 'wo! wo!' with all his might and main. He managed to stop 'em after they got a little way from Sam Hewitt's, and turnin' 'em round, he came up slappin' his hands and cussin' 'that sorrel horse.' "He's never ready to stop," says he, "that horse ain't; and though he's the best horse I ever owned, yet blast my eyes if I don't get shut of him."

"Well, just then out comes Bob, and mounted his wagon, just as though he was going to drive off, when says he—

"Halloo! stranger, perhaps you would like to deal with me for a steady one."

"Why, yes," says the stranger, "I would like something a little more quiet than that go-ahead snap-dragon rascal of mine."

"So Bob he looks at the sorrel, and found him a fine square built animal, his eye full of fire, and every muscle in play."

"Well," says Bob, "a few words does for me. There's my grey—here's your sorrel. What's your proposition?"

"Now you are talkin'," says the stranger, examining the grey, as he stood hitched to the load of stone. "I'll give you sorrel, and the best forty dollar clock in my wagon for your grey."

"None," said Bob, "just un hitch."

"Neither of them had asked 'other any questions, cause neither of them wanted to answer any. The horses were exchanged. Bob had got his clock, and the stranger got into his wagon, took up his lines, and hidin' 'em good day, was about to start, when grey put a stop to it and wouldn't budge an inch. In vain did the stranger whip and coax—not an inch did he get. There sat Bob, laughing in his sleeves, almost ready to burst to see how the stranger was tryin' to start and couldn't. Not a word did the stranger say, however; but after he had got tired, and given up tryin' any more, he came and sat down on the horse-block."

"Bob thought he might as well be going; so pickin' up his ribbons," he goes along, "says he. The sorrel turned his head and looked back at him, as much as to say, don't you wish I would? but didn't stir a hoof. In vain Bob coaxed and patted. Sorrel was there, and wasn't any where else."

"Well, I reckon it's my turn to laugh now," said the stranger; "I suppose you'll call again when you come to town."

"Oh, never mind," said Bob, "sorrel will go or else you couldn't get here with him."

"Oh yes," says the stranger; "you can start him if you'll only bring some shavings and kindle a fire under him, as I did."

And then he laughed again, and when I came away, they were playing a game of old Sledge, to see which should take them both."

Treasure Trove.

A few days since, (says the Delaware State Journal, of Tuesday,) a poor but honest laborer, named William Shaw, while excavating an old uninhabited brick building in Appomattox Hundred, near Commercial Corner, thrust his hand-pike into the frame of one of the windows, and gave it a wrench, when a perfect shower of gold coins, of English stamp, came pouring down upon him, to his surprise and delight. Upon a further examination he finally succeeded in collecting seven hundred and eighty dollars, when his impatience and eagerness to get rid of the good news impelled him to hasten to a neighbor and make it known, who hastened to the spot, and carried about three hundred dollars for himself, making in all about one thousand dollars. These two kept the secret for a time, but Shaw said he did not feel as though they ought to keep the gold, and therefore made it known to one or two gentlemen in the neighborhood. The owner of the house was informed of the fact, whereupon the matter was left to three parties to determine whether the finder or the owner of the building was entitled to the treasure. In the meantime the gold was deposited in the Savings Bank.

The Journal adds, that the house was erected and occupied by the Rev. Mr. Reading, Rector of St. Ann's Church, in the above-named district, who adhered to the royal cause during the Revolution, and rendered him self thereby obnoxious to the neighbors, staunch republicans all, who threatened to burn his house and destroy his life. He died very suddenly, and it is supposed that he secreted the treasure in a moment of fear. One cannot but be struck by, and commiserate, the honorable scruples of good and honest William Shaw.

The Tariff.

In the U. S. Senate, on Tuesday, Mr. Davis, of Mass., presented a memorial signed by several hundred citizens of Worcester, of all political parties, representing the depressed condition of business under the provisions of the Tariff Act of 1846. Mr. D. went on to say—

The memorialists express their belief that the substitution of ad valorem for specific duties was a fatal error, whereby frauds of the grossest character are constantly perpetrated at the custom house by a false entry of goods by fictitious valuation, depriving the laborer of the benefits intended to be secured to him by the act, and doing at the same time flagrant injustice to the honest importer.

They entreat Congress to apply a remedy to these evils, by suppressing the frauds and securing to the American laborer the protection which will enable him to pursue his business successfully against the pressing competition of the cheap, overtasked, and down-trodden labor of Europe. The evils which were predicted from the act of 1846 have been extensively realized, and are more and more severely felt as the making of fraudulent entries is more cunningly devised. The laborers have struggled on, hoping for better times, till many of them are either overwhelmed with bankruptcy or obliged to suspend their business to save themselves.

I find in the newspapers the following statements: Many of the cotton and woolen mills are running without profit. Some are suspended in part; others in whole. Cotton printing has been disastrous, and caused heavy and calamitous failures. It is stated that of forty-one forge fires on the Saranac river, thirty-four have been extinguished. Eight out of eighteen have been extinguished on Salmon river; and now more than a dozen out of forty-five on the Au Sable are not in operation. It is said, also, that of one hundred and twenty-two furnaces recently in operation in Pennsylvania, sixty-three are extinguished. In Maryland, it is added, five out of six rolling mills have stopped. The cause of this will be more apparent by stating another fact, derived from a New York paper, dated June 3:

"We saw to-day a list of forty-four vessels, sixty-three of them American, which had brought British iron to one of our American railroad companies, within the space of about forty days."

In addition to the usual Lake trade, a new wharf is now being constructed for the reception of thirty thousand tons of railroad iron, now on its way from England direct to Dunkirk, through the Welland canal.

Thus the competition by this country is diminishing and its products decreasing, which will raise the value of the foreign product, and enable the manufacturers of Europe to realize successful profit from us by the ruin of our own laborers.

But this is not the worst aspect of the thing. Trade being founded on the exchange of the commodities of labor, the difference between making and exchanging commodities with our own people and exchanging them with foreigners is this: if the Pennsylvanians make iron to the value of a million of dollars, there is so much wealth created by our laborers for their comfort and enjoyment; and if they sell it to Ohio, where it enters into consumption, Pennsylvania realizes a million of dollars. But Ohio acquires the means of payment by her industry, and therefore her laborers have the privilege of producing commodities to raise this million of dollars. There is thus produced by the interchange two millions worth of the products of industry—one by the sellers and one by the buyers; both of which go to support and comfort the laborers engaged in the production, as well as to enrich and strengthen the country.

But if Ohio sends to a foreign market for the iron, then Pennsylvania must lose a million of dollars, and the foreign country, where the iron is bought, gains that sum. The privilege of making the iron is transferred to foreigners, and we lose what they gain, the value of it. There can be but one equivalent for this loss. If the laborers of Pennsylvania who would have produced this iron can find other employment, by which they can, by their industry, call into existence commodities to the value of a million of dollars, then such earnings may take the place of the iron.

But all experience shows that such a transfer is difficult, if not impossible. Substitutes of new employment are by no means easily effected, even if laborers are qualified for it. The history of a crisis is told in a few words. Excessive importations make goods immensely cheap; our markets become overstocked; our mills, our shops, our furnaces are shut up, either because the purchasers are ruined, or to escape ruin; the balance of trade is accumulated against us; and as a last resort, when we have nothing else to supply us with, we send away our coin to reach the foreign laborer, and to sustain foreign shops and mills. This state of things proves that labor is inactive, and therefore made it known to one or two gentlemen in the neighborhood. The owner of the house was informed of the fact, whereupon the matter was left to three parties to determine whether the finder or the owner of the building was entitled to the treasure. In the meantime the gold was deposited in the Savings Bank.

The Journal adds, that the house was erected and occupied by the Rev. Mr. Reading, Rector of St. Ann's Church, in the above-named district, who adhered to the royal cause during the Revolution, and rendered him self thereby obnoxious to the neighbors, staunch republicans all, who threatened to burn his house and destroy his life. He died very suddenly, and it is supposed that he secreted the treasure in a moment of fear. One cannot but be struck by, and commiserate, the honorable scruples of good and honest William Shaw.

cent. cheaper than our laborers can afford to make them, we should save nominally on that amount one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but to gain that, the country would lose the privilege of earning by its own laborers three millions of dollars, and we should be compelled to add to that a heavy sacrifice upon the raw material, which would cease to find a market here. I might add to this, that the moment our shops and mills cease to be the competitors of foreign productions, the value of such productions will rise. It is quite time, sir, that Congress should devote its attention to the claims which the public have upon its consideration.

Princeton College Honors.—At the close of the proceedings on Wednesday week, at Nassau Hall, the following honorary degrees were announced:

D. D.—Rev. John Hall, Trenton; Rev. Alexander Beck, Scotland; Rev. Stephen K. Kollock; N. J.; Rev. Thomas L. Jewett, Philadelphia; Rev. Jonathan L. Stearns, Newark; Rev. James L. Woods, Lewistown, Pa.

L. L. D.—Hon. James Buchanan, Pa.; Hon. Peter D. Vroom, Trenton; Hon. Henry W. Green, Ch. J. Trenton.

A. M.—Daniel E. Phillips, N. J.; Benjamin Matthias, Philadelphia; Samuel Miller Breckenridge, Missouri; Alonzo W. Sykes, N. Y., late of N. J.

B. L.—Peter L. Voorhis, Joseph E. Kearney.

Death of the Converted Jew.—Rev. Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey died at his residence in Pontiac, Michigan, June 5, 1850, in the 79th year of his age.

He has long been known in this country and England as the converted Jew. He was a man of fine intellect, a ripe scholar, and the author of many valuable Theological works. He was a native of Germany, and came to this country in 1816.

Most Atrocious Murder.—Mr. James W. Musteen was cruelly murdered in Barron county, Ky., a few days since, by a man named John Watson, aged about 60. The cause assigned is that Mr. M., some forty years since, was a witness in a case tried in Halifax county, Va., and which resulted in Watson being sent to the penitentiary for a long term. Watson had come to the house under the name of Smith, and asked to stay all night. While Mr. Musteen was preparing him a bed, he got an axe, and entering the room where Mr. Musteen lay in bed, said, "My name is John Watson," and immediately broke in his skull. He then made his escape.

A fearful tragedy occurred at Wilmet, New Brunswick, on Sunday, the 9th ult. Mrs. Miller, wife of a respectable farmer, who had exhibited signs of derangement, dressed her four children and went out for a walk. Nothing further was heard of them for a number of days, when the body of the eldest child, a boy, was found drowned on the beach. It is supposed the mother proceeded to a cliff overlooking the shore, and having fastened the children to her side, with a cord, or part of her dress, plunged with them into the water.

The Overland Emigrants.—A gentleman who arrived in town on Tuesday from Fort Laramie, estimates the number of wagons that passed over that route to California, at thirteen thousand; pack animals at three thousand; footmen five hundred; wheelbarrow men three—a Scotchman, a German, and an Irishman. The health of the emigrants was good. He counted but six graves by the way side, while coming in, and of their occupants four had been killed accidentally.

If this estimate of wagons is correct, the number of emigrants he met can scarcely fall short of fifty-three thousand. There is probably now on the plains, en route for California, between seventy and eighty thousand persons.—*St. Louis Union, 21st June.*

Savannah, Ga., now contains a population of 16,000 persons. During the week ending on the 22d, there were but 4 deaths—one white infant and three colored persons. The Savannah Republican doubts if "any other day in the United States can show as small a bill of mortality."

A Schoolmaster's Trust.—"The fair-daughters of America—may they add virtue to beauty, subvert envy on friendship, multiply amiable acquaintances by sweetness of temper, divide them by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination."

Five of Hobbs.—In illustration of the maxim that habit will reconcile us to almost every thing, Sir George Stanton relates that he visited a man in India, who for some time had been contented to sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with iron nails, and which was so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw this man in his 60th year, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but not yellow. At that time he could sleep comfortably on his bed of thorns, and rather liked it.

CONFESSION OF DR. WEBSTER
OF THE KILLING OF DR. PARKMAN.

Boston, Tuesday, July 2.

At the meeting of the Council this morning, the case of Professor Webster was referred to a committee.

Before the committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared Rev. Dr. Putnam, the spiritual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for a commutation of punishment, together with a confession that he killed Dr. Parkman.

The Rev. gentleman presented the statement by a few remarks relative to which the confession was made to him. He stated that he had no personal acquaintance with Professor Webster, before being called to act in the capacity of his spiritual adviser. In the first few weeks of his visit he sought no acknowledgment of the prisoner. At length, on the 23d, May, he visited him in his cell, and demanded of him, for his own well-being, that he should tell the truth in regard to the matter, and he acceded to this request by making a statement which was now submitted for the consideration of the Council. It was in substance as follows:

THE CONFESSION.

On Tuesday, 20th November, I sent the note to Dr. Parkman, which it appears was carried by the boy Maxwell. I handed it to Littlefield unsealed. It was to ask Dr. Parkman to call at my room on Friday, the 23d, after my lecture. He had become of late very importunate for his pay. He had threatened me with a suit, to put an officer into my house, and to drive me from my professorship if I did not pay him. The purpose of my note was simply to ask the conference. I did not tell him in what I could do, or what I had to say about the payment. I wished to gain for those few days a release from his solicitations, to which I was liable every day, on occasions and in a manner very disagreeable, and also to avert for so long a time at least the fulfilment of recent threats of severe measures. I did not expect to be able to pay him when Friday should arrive. My purpose was, if he should accede to the proposed interview, to state to him my embarrassments, and utter inability to pay him at present, to apologize for those things in my conduct which had offended him, to throw myself upon his mercy, and to beg for further time and indulgence for the sake of my family, if not for my own, and to make as good promises to him as I could have any hope of keeping. I did not hear from him on that day, nor the next, (Wednesday), but I found on Thursday he had been abroad in pursuit of me without finding me. I imagined he had forgotten the appointment, or else did not mean to wait for it. I feared he would come in upon me at my lecture room, or while I was preparing my experiments for it—therefore I called at his house on that morning (Friday), between 8 and 9 o'clock, to remind him of my wish to see him at the college at 10 o'clock—my lecture closing at 1 o'clock. I did not stop to talk with him. I expected that the conversation would be a long one, and I had my lecture to prepare, for it was necessary for me to have my time, and also to keep my mind free from other exciting matters.

Dr. Parkman agreed to call on me as I proposed. He came accordingly between 11 and 2 o'clock, entering at the lecture room door. I was engaged in removing some glasses from my lecture room table into the room in the rear, called the upper laboratory; he came rapidly down the step and followed me into the laboratory; he immediately addressed me with great energy, "Are you ready for me, sir—have you got the money?" I replied, "No, Dr. Parkman," and was then beginning to state my condition and my appeal to him, but he would not listen to me, and interrupted me with much vehemence—he called me eccentric and liar, and went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets; while he was speaking, he drew a handful of papers from his pocket, and took from among them my two notes, and also an old letter from Dr. Hosack, congratulating him on his success in getting me appointed Professor of Chemistry. "You see," he said, "I got you into your office, and now I will get you out of it." He put back into his pocket all the papers except the letter and the notes; I cannot tell how long the torrent of threats and invectives continued, and I cannot recall to memory but a small portion of what he said.

At first I kept interposing, trying to pacify him, so that I might obtain the object for which I sought the interview, but I could not stop him, and soon my own temper was up. I forgot every thing, and felt nothing but the sting of the words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion, and while he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent and menacing manner, thrusting the letter and his fist into my face, in my fury I seized whatever thing was handy, (it was a stick of wood), and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give.

I did not know, or think, or care, where I should hit him, nor how hard, nor what the effect would be; it was on the side of the head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow; he fell instantly upon the pavement; there was no second blow; he did not move; I stepped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless; blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away; I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose, but without effect; perhaps I spent ten minutes in attempts to resuscitate him, but I found he was absolutely dead; in my horror and consternation I ran instinctively to the doors and booted them—the door of the lecture room and laboratory below; and then what was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance; I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful movement and concealment of the body on the one hand, and of infamy and destruction on the other. The first thing I did, as soon as I could do anything, was to draw the body into the private room adjoining, where I took off the clothes and began putting them into the fire, which was burning in the upper laboratory; they were all consumed there that afternoon, with papers, pocket-book, and whatever they contained. I did not remove the pocket-book, nor anything except the watch. I took it and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge. My next move was to get the body into the sink which stands in the small private room, by means of the body partially covered against the corner, and by getting up upon the sink myself. I succeeded in drawing it up there; it was entirely decomposed; it was quickly done, as a work of terrible and disgusting anatomy. The only hindrance was the high board in

the officers in the tea chest, which I kept for cutting cords. I made no use of the Turkish knife, as it was called the trial, that had long been kept on my parlor mantel-piece in Cambridge, as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it, and the marks of oil and polishing found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston, to get the silver sheath repaired.

While dismembering the body a stream of Cocchituate water was running through the sink carrying off the blood in a pipe that passed down through the lower laboratory. There must have been a leak in the pipe, for the ceiling below was stained immediately around it.

There was also a fire burning in the furnace of the lower laboratory; Littlefield was mistaken in thinking there had never been a fire there; he had probably never noticed one, but I had done it myself several times; I had done it that day for the purpose of making oxygen gas; the heat and vapors were put into the furnace that day, and fuel heaped on; did not examine it night to see to what degree they were consumed; some of the extremities were put in there, I believe, on that day. The pelvis and some of the limbs, perhaps, were all put under the lid of the lecture room table, in what is called the well, a deep sink lined with lead; a stream of Cocchituate water turned into it and kept running through it all Friday night; the thorax was put in a similar well in the lower laboratory, which I filled with water and threw in a quantity of potash which I found there. This disposition of the remains was not changed till after the visit of the officers on Monday. When the body had been thus disposed of, I cleared away all traces of what had become.

I think the stick with which the fatal blow had been struck, proved to be a piece of the stump of a large grape-vine—say ten inches in diameter and two feet long. It was one of several pieces which I had carried in from Cambridge long before, for the purpose of showing the effect of certain chemical fluids in coloring wood, by being absorbed into the pores; the grape vine being a very porous wood, was well adapted to this purpose. Another longer stick had been used as intended, and exhibited to the students; this one had not been used—I put it into the fire.

I took up the two notes either from the table or the floor, I think the table, close by where Dr. P. had fallen; I seized an old metallic pen lying on the table, dashed it across the face and through the signatures, and put them in my pocket. I do not know why I did this, rather than put them in the fire, for I had not considered for a moment what effect either mode of disposing of them would have on the mortgage, or my indebtedness to Dr. P. and the other persons interested. I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the objects or result of my interview with Dr. Parkman; never saw the sledge hammer spoken of by Littlefield—never knew of its existence—at least I have no recollection of it; I left the College to go home as late as 6 o'clock; I collected myself as well as I could, that I might meet my family and others with composure. On Saturday I visited my rooms at the College, but made no change in the disposition of the remains, and had no plans as to my future course; on Saturday evening read the notice in the Transcript respecting the disappearance; I was then deeply impressed with the necessity of immediately taking some ground as to the character of my interview with Parkman, for I saw that it must be as I had appointed it first by an unsolicited note on Tuesday, and on Friday I had myself called at his house in open day, and ratified the arrangement; and had there been a man and had probably been overheard by the men-servant, and I knew not by how many persons Dr. P. might have been seen entering my room, or how many persons he might have told by the way where he was going; the interview would in all probability be known, and I must be ready to explain it.

The question extended so much, that on Sunday my course was taken. I would go into Boston and be the first to declare myself the person as yet unknown with whom Dr. P. had made the appointment; I would take the ground that I had invited him to the College to pay him money, and that I had paid it accordingly. I fixed upon the sum by taking the small note and adding interest, which, it appears, I cast erroneously. If I had thought of this course earlier I should not have deposited Boston's check for \$90 in the Charles River Bank on Saturday, but should have suppressed it, as going so far to make up the sum which I was to have professed to have paid the day before, and I knew I had by me at the hour of my interview. It had not occurred to me that I should ever show the notes cancelled in proof of it, or I should have destroyed the large note and let it be inferred that it was gone, with the missing man, and I should only have kept the small one, which was all that I could pretend to have paid. My slight thought was concealment and safety—every thing else was incidental to that. I was in no state to consider my ulterior pecuniary interest; money, though I needed it so much, was of no account with me in that condition of mind.

If I had designed and premeditated the homicide of Dr. Parkman in order to get the possession of the notes and cancel my debt, I not only should not have deposited Pette's check the next day, but I should have made some show of getting and having the money the morning before. I should have drawn my money from the bank, and taken occasion to mention to the cashier that I had a sum to make up on that day for Dr. P., and the same to Hemench when I borrowed the \$10. I should have remarked that I was so much short of a large sum that I was to pay Parkman. I borrowed the money of Hemench as a mortgaged money for the day. If I had intended the homicide of Dr. P., I should not have made the appointment with him twice, and each time in so open a manner that other persons would almost certainly know of it, and I should not have invited him to my room at an hour when the college would be full of students and others, and an hour when I was most likely to receive calls from

my friends. My testimony shows that it must have been done sooner. The perforation of the thorax had been made by the knife at the time of removing the viscera. On Wednesday I put on kindlings and made a fire in the furnace below, having first looked down the ashes. Some of the kindlings I cannot remember which or how many—were consumed at that time. This is the last I had to do with the remains. The tin box was designed to receive the thorax, though I had not concluded where I should finally put the box. The fish-hooks, tied up as grapples, were to be used for drawing up the parts in the vault; whenever I should determine how to dispose of them and get strings enough, I had a confused double object in ordering the box and making the grapples. I had been intended to get such things to send to Fayal—the box to hold the plants and other articles which I wished to protect from the salt water and the sea air, and the hooks to be used there in obtaining plants from the sea. It was this previously intended use of them that suggested and mixed itself up with the idea of the other applications. I doubt even now to which use they would have been applied. I had not used the hook at the time of the discovery. The tin put into the tea chest was taken from a barrel of it that had been in the laboratory for some time; the bag of tan, brought in on Monday, was not used, nor intended to be used; it belonged to a quantity obtained by me a long time ago, for experiments in tanning, and was sent in by the family to get it out of the way, as being seen in just at that time was accidental. I was not aware that I had put the knife in the chest; the stick found in the same sink was for making coarse diagrams on cloth; the bunch of tied keys had been used long by me in front street, and thrown carelessly into a drawer; I never examined them, and do not know whether they would fit any of the locks of the College or not; if there were other keys fitting doors with which I had nothing to do, I suppose they must have been all duplicates, or keys of former locks, left there by the mechanics or janitor. I know nothing about them, and should never be likely to notice them among the multitude of articles, large and small, of all kinds, collected in my rooms; the janitor had furnished me with a key to the dissecting room, for the admission of medical friends visiting the College, but I had never used it.

The nitrate acid on the stairs was not used to remove spots of blood, but was dropped by accident. When the officers called for me on Friday, the 30th, I was in doubt whether I was under arrest, or whether a more strict search of my rooms was to be had; the latter hypothesis being hardly less appalling than the former. When I found that we went over Crags Bridge, I thought the arrest most probable; when I found that the carriage was stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the carriage I took a dose of strychnine from my pocket and swallowed it; I had prepared it in the shape of a pill before I left my laboratory on the 23d. I thought I could not bear to survive detection. I thought it was a large dose. The state of my nervous system probably defeated its action partially. The effects of the poison were terrible beyond description; it was in operation at the College, and before I went there, but most severely afterward. I wrote but one of the anonymous letters produced at the trial—the one mailed at East Cambridge. The little bundle referred to in the letter detained by the jailer, contained only a bottle of nitric acid for domestic use. I had seen it stated in a newspaper that I had purchased a quantity of oxalic acid, which was presumed was to be used in removing blood stains. I wish the parcel to be kept untouched, that it may be shown, if there should be occasion, what it really was.

I had purchased. I have drawn up in separate papers an explanation of the use I intended to make of the blood sent for on Thursday, the 23d, and of the conversation with Littlefield about the dissecting room. I think that strongly my words about having settled with Dr. P. Whatever I did say of the kind was Dr. P. and make some arrangement with him, and was said in order to quiet Pette's mind, who was becoming restive, under the solicitation of Dr. Parkman. After Dr. Webster had stated most of the facts recorded above on the 23d of May; this question, with all the earnestness, solicitude and authority of tone that Dr. Putnam was master of, was addressed him. Dr. Webster, in all probability your days are numbered; you cannot, you dare not, speak falsely to your mouth—so prove to yourself that your repentance for the sins of your past life is sincere; tell me the truth then, in confidence, to be kept secret during your lifetime, and as much longer as my regret for the happiness of your family shall seem to me to require; and the interest of truth and justice to permit; search to the bottom of your heart for the history of your motives, and tell me, before God, did it never occur to you before the decease of Dr. Parkman, that his death, if you could bring it to pass, would be of great advantage to you, or at least the result of your expected conference with him? As a dying man, I charge you to answer me truly and exactly, or else silence. Had you not such thoughts? "No, never," said he, with energy and feeling; "I live, and as God is my witness never."

I was no more capable of such a thought than of my innocent children. I never had the remotest idea of injuring Dr. P. until the moment the blow was struck. Dr. P. was extremely severe and sharp; the provoking of me, and I am irritable and passionate. A quick-tempered and brief violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. I was an only child, much indulged, and I have never acquired the control over my passions that I ought to have acquired early, and the consequence is all this. "But you notified Dr. Parkman to meet you at a certain hour, and told him you would pay him, when you knew you had not the means?" "No, he replied, I did not tell him I would pay him, and there I

was without a cent. I had, except my own work spoken after his disappearance, and after I had paid him; those words were of the miserable tissue of falsehoods to which I was committed from the moment I had been in contact with him. Dr. P. never had a thought of injuring Dr. P. I was accompanied by the statement in which Professor Webster attempts to explain as to his getting Littlefield's walking stick, and of inspecting what pieces from the chest.

After reading the statement Dr. Putnam proceeded to argue as to its truthfulness, error was pending; also, that Professor Webster's estate was worth several thousand dollars, and that he was not in such a strait as to commit such a crime deliberately.

The previous petition from Prof. Webster, protesting his innocence and praying for absolute pardon, he said, was got up by his family, who were unwavering in their belief in his innocence, until his confession was communicated to them about a week since. He concluded in asserting his belief that the confession was true.

Monday, July 8th, 1850.

W. C. GANDY, JR.,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
JOSHUA DUNGAN, of Black co.
ADVISOR GEORGE,
HENRY W. SNYDER, of Union co.
JOSEPH HENDERSON, of Wash co.

An Apprentice to the Printing business will be taken at this office.

We have given to day the Confession of Professor WEBSTER, (of the murder of Dr. Parkman, at Boston,) which was made by his spiritual adviser to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts. A short time since he sent in a petition to them, in which he solemnly declared his entire innocence of the charge. This, however, he withdrew on the 4th of June; and, as his last hope has been avowed the truth, or what he alleges to be so. It is uncertain, of course, what his fate may be; but it is highly probable that the Executive and Council will not feel themselves justified in interfering between him and the law. The narrative is a thrilling one.

Hot Weather.

The last week has been one of unusual heat. The mercury ranged in the neighborhood of 90° every day; and on Friday it rose to 94°.

ADAMS COUNTY AHEAD!

It gives us pleasure to state, that JOHN PATTERSON, Esq., Treasurer of Adams county, on Friday last, paid into the State Treasury the full quota of the State Tax due by this county for the year 1850. Although a few small payments had been made from two or three Counties, Adams County was the first, as usual, to pay off promptly the whole of her quota; and Mr. PATTERSON was the first Treasurer who had made his appearance at Harrisburg. Well done for the "Young Guard!"

The Compromise Bill.

This important subject is still under discussion in the Senate of the U. States. Mr. COVING, of Pa., made a speech of two days in favor of the bill. It is spoken of as being of high order. We have not yet seen it. Mr. B. of Tenn., spoke on Wednesday, and declared himself in favor of the President's plan, and rebuked Mr. Clay for censuring it. Mr. Clay remarked that he came here intending to cooperate with the President, and was willing to do so. But he was determined to follow the dictates of his own judgment. He said that of the President, on this subject, to stand aloof.

The New Jail.

Mr. STONER, the contractor for the erection of a new County Prison, has commenced operations, and is now busily engaged pulling down the old walls and removing the rubbish. We believe he expects to complete the contract early next Spring. — *Star.*

The Cholera.

During Thursday and Friday there were upwards of SEVENTY deaths from Cholera at Cincinnati. It is also prevailing to a considerable extent on the river, and was on the increase at St. Louis and Louisville.

Within the last three or four months, there have been no less than four severe epidemics in what is known as the "Black Corners," three miles northeast of Wayne, Penn. Franklin county. A child of Mr. John Shuckley was killed by the kick of a horse. Mr. John Bonbrack was severely crushed by the falling of a log while in the act of fixing it in his wagon. A man named Lucking had his leg broken in a fight, and yesterday, Mr. Jacob Wyanat had one of his legs badly lacerated, and was otherwise grossly bruised, as to render his recovery doubtful. He was descending a hill in a barouche when Tobias Funk's mill, which his horse came under, struck in a violent manner, which resulted in the unfortunate accident.

It is said that of the eighty or more gentlemen who graduated at Princeton College on the 25th ult., about one-half had made a profession of religion. — During the past session, there has been a greater religious excitement at the College than has been known for many years.

decision of the Dauphin county Court, in the reorganization of Dr. Mills at Harrisburg for the solution of three sisters, and the case will be tried again. We hope that no legal trickery will be interposed between the citizen and his just due.

A destructive fire occurred on the 24th ult. at Pottsville, Pennsylvania. It began at 2 o'clock, and continued until 10 o'clock, and was entirely extinguished. The estimated loss at \$100,000. Property was insured.

The Liverpool Courier of the 19th, in a postscript, states that the steamer Orion, sailing between Liverpool and Glasgow, struck on a rock off Port Patrick, on the evening of the 16th, on her passage to Glasgow, from the effect of which she immediately sunk. It is stated that there were about 130 passengers on board the ill-fated steamer, and according to information received fifty of them are said to be drowned, including Professor Burns, of Glasgow. The Orion, when she left Liverpool, had an unusually large number of passengers on board, all her cabin berths being engaged, and several parties, including the family of a man who had arrived from America by the Europa, were unable to obtain berths, and unfortunately for themselves were detained in Liverpool, or went by another route.

Rev. Dr. Jackson, the well known Baptist Minister in India, is again reported to be in a very feeble state of health, and in a decline.

The last English papers state that the health of Louis Philippe, King of the French, who now resides in England, is rapidly declining.

TO THE WHIGS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In pursuance of the resolution of the Whig State Convention which lately assembled at Philadelphia, I have appointed the following State Committee for the ensuing year. — The announcement has been delayed by my continued and necessary absence.

DANIEL M. SNYDER,
Late President of the Convention.

July 1, 1850.

H. M. Fuller, of Luzerne co., Chairman.
R. R. Smith, of Philadelphia city.
Joseph R. Flanagan, do do
Samuel M. M'Namy, Philadelphia county.
F. K. Morton, do do
C. Thomson Jones, do do
William H. Slinger, Montgomery.
Samuel B. Thomas, Chester.
Samuel Bell, Berks.
John A. Brown, Berks.
Nathaniel Ellmaker, Lancaster.
J. Taylor Worth, Lebanon.
William J. Robinson, Dauphin.
Alexander B. Brown, Northampton.
Wardman M. Preston, Wayne.
William Baker, Franklin.
Thomas E. Cochran, York.
William M. Watts, Cumberland.
Henry Johnson, Lycoming.
James Clark, Huntingdon.
Charles B. Bowman, Columbia.
Sherman D. Phelps, Wyoming.
George Cross, Tioga.
Edwin C. Wilson, Schuylco.
D. A. Finney, Crawford.

John A. Beaver, C. Lewis, Allegheny.
Paul M'Curdy, do
John Bausman, Washington.
George Messon, Fayette.
William Evans, Indiana.
Alexander M. M'Clure, Mifflin.
John C. Neville, Schuylco.
Francis Jordan, Bedford.

George J. Barr, Esq., of Erie, Pa., late State Treasurer, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Auditor's Office for the General Post Office Department, in place of Thos. B. Brown, removed. The salary is \$3,000 per annum.

The Commission of Anthony B. Roberts, Esq., appointed Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, was read in the U. S. District Court on Monday, and his duties approved.

Texas Indian Fight. — A Texas newspaper, called the Success Valley, gives a detailed account of a fight between a company of Rangers under Capt. Ford, and a party of Comanche Indians, on the 29th of May, the scene of which is not stated, although, no doubt, it was on the Rio Grande. The Rangers numbered 24 men, and on arriving at the camp of the Indians, seven men were detailed to guard the pack mules in the rear of the company. The charge was then made, and a portion of the Indians driven from the chapparal. Another attack was then made on the remainder of the warriors, in which a Ranger, named Gillespie, while attacking an Indian whom he had wounded, was killed with an arrow. This caused a halt, giving the Indians time to retire, which they did slowly. The rear guard then coming up, another attack was made in front and flank, which proved successful. The Indians broke and fled, leaving one warrior a prisoner, and another, a chief named Otto Cuero, dead on the field. The prisoner stated the loss of his people to be three killed and four or five wounded, to protect whom they fought so desperately. Sergeant Level, of the Rangers, was wounded in the leg by a ball. The prisoner was sent to General Brooke, and the best dress, shield, bow and arrows of the fallen chief to Gov. Bell.

Paris Buffers. — A family which lived in great luxury, having dinner parties twice a week, the wife young and pretty, the young children educating for elegant life, visitors of theatres, etc., etc., was discovered to be supported by the most abject beggar in Paris. He was in the habit of coming in daily, pleading business which kept him absent from his family all day, but very well informed and gay with friends and acquaintances at home. He was arrested while at the door of a cafe, pretending to have been dreadfully wounded in a battle in Africa.

A Self-made Man. — One of the present Virginia members of the House of Congress, it is said, did not know how to read at twenty years of age. His wife taught him his letters, and his own perseverance and good sense did the rest for him, and now he makes an excellent speech in Congress.

Strange Display for a College. — A new feature of the Princeton Commencement, consisted in a magnificent display of mounted fantasticals—a sort of outdoor centaur fancy party. We noticed fine specimens of horsemanship. The crowd consisted of about twenty students, appropriately dressed in character, from Richard III. down to Joe Miller and Harlequin. The fanciful humor caused much merriment as it paraded the streets. — *Trenton True American.*

A Horse-eating Society. — In Berlin, Prussia, a section of society, called the Hibernian Cresser, has manifested itself from certain propensities to food, and "gloriously" darning, mends and dines on horse flesh. At these banquets every dish is horse—soup, chop, cutlets, and so on, all are equine. The appetite of a horse is a common horse, but among these gentry an appetite for a horse appears to be the more common.

The Liverpool Courier of the 19th, in a postscript, states that the steamer Orion, sailing between Liverpool and Glasgow, struck on a rock off Port Patrick, on the evening of the 16th, on her passage to Glasgow, from the effect of which she immediately sunk. It is stated that there were about 130 passengers on board the ill-fated steamer, and according to information received fifty of them are said to be drowned, including Professor Burns, of Glasgow. The Orion, when she left Liverpool, had an unusually large number of passengers on board, all her cabin berths being engaged, and several parties, including the family of a man who had arrived from America by the Europa, were unable to obtain berths, and unfortunately for themselves were detained in Liverpool, or went by another route.

Correspondence of the North American.

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1850.

The U. S. war steamer, Vixen sailed from this port to-day for Havana, with Commodore Morris as a Special Agent of the Government to make demand for the American prisoners captured by the Spanish forces off Contonera and Contoy. It is not intended that Commodore Morris shall supersede Commodore Parker in the command of the Home Squadron, but he is detailed for this special duty.

It is believed here that the prisoners will either be given up, or that a satisfactory arrangement will be effected, by which their safety will be secured, and their comforts be cared for until such an adjustment can be made here, between the Spanish Minister and our own authorities, as will be in conformity with the honor of both governments.

No doubt is entertained by those best acquainted with the subject, that the refusal of the Count Alcy to release the prisoners has grown out of the peculiar state of the case, involving, as it does, the question, whether while the matter was under investigation by the marine court, he had any right to interfere and supersede the trial. The demand now about to be made will, it is presumed, accelerate the decision of the court referred to, or in any event, induce some decided action on the part of Mr. Calderon. If, however, the application for the surrender of the prisoners should be positively refused, the subject will be presented to Congress.

Whatever may be the result of the present expedition, it will have a tendency at least to put this vexed question into a tangible shape. Com. Morris should be ever faithful in obtaining the prisoners; will secure a positive answer to his demand for them, to the effect either that they will be released, or that they will not. He is both steady and firm, and upon his report, whatever it may be, our Government will be prepared to act fully and resolutely. It is not feared, notwithstanding the awkward complications which this affair has assumed, that any serious disturbance will grow out of it, and it is certain that none will, unless the Count Alcy should have lost his senses.

England and the Cuba Affair. — A letter from London to the Philadelphia North American, dated June 14, says:

"When this letter reaches you, Lopez's expedition, and Cuba, may be forgotten in the United States, and other affairs may be paramount. I can assure you, however, that secret as are all the movements of the British Government, some very important measures are about to be submitted by England to more than one European nation, having for their object certain checks on the grasping and growing ambition, as it is termed, of the United States, as a Government and as a people."

Excitement in Texas. — We have received Galveston dates to the 20th ult. The Galveston News says that verbal accounts represent that the late high-handed measures to deprive the State of her Santa Fe Territory, have excited a feeling of universal indignation in the country. Public meetings had been called in Austin and other places on the subject. An extra session of the Legislature will undoubtedly be called.

The Washington "Southern Press," of Wednesday morning, also has the following announcement relative to the Texas excitement on this subject:

"It is rumored here that a despatch was received last evening, announcing the march of Texas troops on Santa Fe."

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, July 1.

Memorials have lately been presented in the Senate, from Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Kentucky, and other States, praying that, with a view to remove from the land the greatest cause of discord, and to secure the future welfare, harmony, and permanency of the Union—Congress pass a law providing means to remove from our country, all that portion of the African race, who are both willing and ready to emigrate to Africa; that suitable provision be made for their real wants for one year after their arrival in Africa; and as a greater inducement for them to emigrate, that a bounty in land be given them on their arrival, upon which, with industry and economy, they may support themselves; and make such other provision as may be most desirable.

The best provision for the object that Congress can make is to aid in the establishment of a line of first class steam packets for Liberia, to carry passengers and open a trade.

Ocean Steamers. — During the past week no less than eight ocean steamers have arrived at New York from various parts of Europe, the West-Indies, and our own coast. The Tribune says that within a year from the present time, the arrival of steamers will be on the great mail and passenger lines which relate from that metropolis to the commercial marts of the old and new world, will average one a day. The mail line, it is now nearly completed, and another instrument it may be daily.

Interests in the Atlantic. — The English papers of the latest dates, state that recent arrivals from the Atlantic had brought sad intelligence respecting losses of a large number of vessels amidst the floating fields of icebergs in western latitudes—among the number one from Londonderry bound to Quebec, with between twenty to one hundred persons on board, every soul of whom is supposed to have gone down in the unfortunate vessel and perished. Several other vessels, full of passengers, are supposed to have met their fate in the same way, the "Oriental" for Liverpool—an English brig, name unknown, the "Ostenfels" from Liverpool bound to Quebec. Two other vessels from Liverpool, the "Conservator and Acorn," were both lost about the 1st of June. The former was on a passage to Montreal. She got

into the ice, within three days after losing sight of land, and sinking, immediately afterwards. The Acorn was wrecked with in 30 miles of St. John's, Newfoundland. Among the other losses in the ice are enumerated the "Mikania," from Glasgow for Quebec, Collector, from St. John's, Newfoundland, for London; brig "Astra," of Weymouth; the "Wilhelmina," of Alton; the "Gronau," of Newcastle; the "Sylvia," of Louth; and others. Most of the vessels were heavily laden, it was thought, and the loss of them was a great calamity.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

On the 4th, one of the Professors of the Georgetown College, Mr. Wm. Thos. of Frederick, Md. was drowned in the Potomac, while bathing.

